Ile crosse it though it blast me: stay illusion, *It spreads his armes.*
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy Countries fate
VVhich happily foreknowing may auoid,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. *The Cocke crowes.*
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus.*
Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not stand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone,
VVe doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his loftie and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
VVhether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Aire,
Th' extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock,
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
VVherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stirre abroad
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

So

ante penult. sturre abrode

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN